

## LOST GIRL'S BODY FOUND IN ILLINOIS AFTER NATION HUNT

Catherine Winters Disappeared  
More Than a Year Ago From  
Newcastle Home.

### ACCUSED HER PARENTS.

Body Had Been Shipped to  
Florida and Then Brought  
Back to Urbana.

CHICAGO, July 20.—A body believed to be that of Catherine Winters of Newcastle, Ind., for whom a nationwide search has been made for more than a year, was exhumed in the Potter's Field in a cemetery at Urbana, Ill., yesterday, according to a report received here today.

Two weeks ago charges against Dr. W. A. Winters, his wife and W. H. Cooper, a roomer at the Winters' home in Newcastle, of conspiracy to murder and burn the body of the little girl, who disappeared from her home on March 29, 1913, were formally dismissed. The charges were filed on information supplied by Robert Abel, an Indianapolis private detective, and were based on the finding of articles of child's clothing in the cellar of the Winters' home. Abel failed to push the charges and the three defendants were freed.

Dr. Winters, father of the child, said the hair of the dead girl did not correspond with that of the daughter.

"I don't think she is my little girl," asserted Dr. Winters over the long distance telephone. "My girl had brown hair, while the little girl whose body they exhumed had very light blonde hair."

"I've been treated so badly by these tin star detectives that I take very little faith in their discoveries any more. There's no use of my going to Urbana, but I have sent an officer over there just to make sure."

Detectives caused the body to be exhumed. Every detail of the description of the missing nine-year-old daughter of Dr. William A. Winters, a dentist of Newcastle, Ind., tallied with that of the body. It was reported. The clothing she wore on the day she disappeared also was identified, it was said.

According to the account of the finding of the body, it had lain for thirteen months in the receiving vault of the cemetery and then had been buried, unclaimed, in the Potter's Field.

The private detectives arrived in Urbana two days ago. They told Coroner J. J. Hammore and Sheriff Davis that they had traced the body of Catherine Winters to Florida and thence to Urbana, where it had been buried. Hammore and Davis were given a minute description of the child's clothing and person. Theodore Brown, sexton of the cemetery, then was ordered to open the grave.

Brown told the detectives he could identify the stranger who brought the body to Urbana, and he and the two men left immediately for Newcastle. When the body, thought to be that of the Winters child, was first brought to Urbana in April, 1913, it was given by the stranger to Guy Stewart, an undertaker. "He told me to take care of it for a few days and have it placed in a receiving vault and that some one would be along to claim it," said Stewart.

The stranger and Stewart then took the body out of the cemetery and placed it in the receiving vault. There it remained for thirteen months. No one came to claim it. Two months ago it was removed and placed in the Potter's Field.

While the detectives talked with Sheriff Davis and Coroner Hammore something was learned of how they traced the stranger and the box containing the child's body. The man who was transporting the body registered at various places. It was said. According to Sheriff Davis they had a complete record of all his movements.

"Their description of the body was accurate," said Sheriff Davis. "From the papers they exhibited and their knowledge of the case I judge that they are on the right trail. The mystery appears to be solved."

The Winters child disappeared after she had gone out to sell needles for a church society. Her picture and description were printed and scattered broadcast. Business men and Dr. Winters raised \$2,000 as a reward.

Detectives visited gypsy camps throughout the country without result. Mrs. Winters, the girl's stepmother, expressed the belief that the girl had been kidnapped and killed, but the father said he believed she was alive.

## The Tango Face Spoils Women's Beauty, This Is Latest Charge Against the Dance

Carl E. Ackerman, Editor of the Photographic News,  
Says Women Take the Pastime Too Seriously,  
and Hence Wrinkles Appear.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Have you a tango face?  
Look in the glass and see. If you are numbered among the dancing dervishes, American model, 1914, the chances are that your face identifies you. The tango has been blamed for almost every conceivable mishap, from broken arches to broken homes, but perhaps the most portentous charge of all is now being brought against it. For on excellent authority the tango is accused of spoiling the beauty of the American woman.

Carl E. Ackerman, editor of the Photographic News, is the person who calls attention to this tragic possibility. At the convention of the National Association of Photographers, who met recently in Atlanta, Ga., Mr. Ackerman declared that, even as the speed mania produced the "auto face," the "tango face" has been forced on the American public by the craze for modern dancing. As proof he adduced the fact that photographers find increasing difficulty in making satisfactory pictures of feminine tangomania.

"But what is the tango face?" I asked Mr. Ackerman when I called on him in his office at No. 42 East Twenty-third street.

"The tango face," he explained gravely, "is a real menace to the



good looks of American women. It is characterized by deep, dark hollows under the eyes, by indentations from the nose to the corners of the mouth, by a number of fine lines on forehead and cheeks, and finally by a wooden smile, unmoved and meaningless.

"Now, don't make me opposed to dancing," he added, hastily. "I can't do the tango myself, but I enjoy watching it and I think it an excellent form of social diversion—taken in moderation. In the cities, especially, it establishes pleasant social relations between young men and women who would otherwise be deprived of them. The young women have no place at home to entertain their men friends, and the many dances give them a chance really to enjoy each other's society."

**WOMEN TAKING THE TANGO TOO SERIOUSLY.**

"But women, especially, are taking the tango too seriously. They seem to want to do nothing else. We've had lunch tango and tea tango and dinner tango and supper tango, and now at some of the shore resorts I hear they're introducing the breakfast tango. That is certainly too much of a good thing."

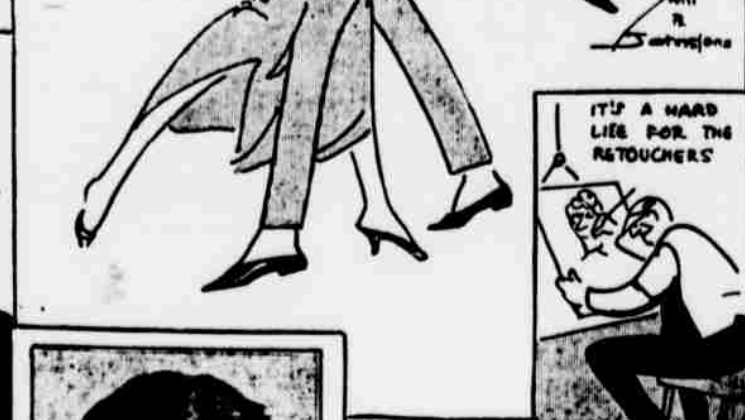
"But why does the tango affect the face in the manner which you describe?" I inquired.

"The real reason why many women tango dancers have such strained, unnatural expression is because they are continually trying to look proper while doing what they secretly believe to be improper. The set smile means that they are endeavoring to look happy when they have lost all spontaneous pleasure and are only craze-driven."

"Of course, too, the life of the tangomania is not conducive to good health. The foundation of all true beauty. The late hours, the nerve-strain, the excessive exercise in tight clothes are all bad for a woman. She becomes tired out, if not actually ill, and her exhaustion shows in her face."

"I am told that physical weariness isn't the only sort from which the tango fanatic suffers," I observed.

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### ELDERLY WOMAN IS STRANGELY DESERTED; MAY BE MME. STEIN

She Is Left in Berlin Store  
With American Gold and  
New York Address.

BERLIN, July 20.—Strangely deserted in a haberdashery store on Ansbacher street, the police of this city are holding a sixty-year-old woman at the almshouse, in Sophie Charlotte street, on whom were found two \$10 gold pieces of United States money and a card bearing the words "Bureau of Deportation, Room 245A, No. 1 Madison avenue, New York City," and the name, "Edmund Billert."

The police are puzzled to know who the woman is and whether they have not in their possession the notorious Mme. Olga Stein, who perpetrated swindles amounting to tens of thousands of dollars in Russia, and to America and was there arrested and sent for trial to Russia, where in 1904 she was sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment.

On Saturday evening a young man and woman and the elderly woman arrived in a taxicab in front of the haberdashery store. The two young people escorted the elderly woman into the store, at her in a chair and then, to the storekeeper's amusement, wheeled about, left the shop, jumped into the taxi and disappeared. The old woman appeared to be unable to talk to him or to the police whom he called, and so she was taken to the almshouse.

To-day her only statement was that her name is Amelle Schmidt.

At No. 1 Madison avenue, the address given on the card found in the woman's pocketbook, it is said that no organization by the name of the "Bureau of Deportation" is located there or known of.

Henry Bier of No. 236 Henry street, Manhattan, is of the opinion that the woman deserted in Berlin is his cousin, Yetta Klein, who until last November was an inmate of the State Hospital on Ward's Island. Then, at the request of relatives, Mrs. Klein was sent, in the care of a nurse, to her home in Austria, but, according to Mr. Bier, she was deserted by the nurse in the streets of Trieste and has not yet reached her home in Jolynia, to which she was bound.

Mr. Bier himself went to Europe in February to search for his relative but was unable to find any trace of her. The description of the woman found in Berlin is identical with that of Mrs. Klein, says Bier.

Many New York hotels, principally the Hotel Shoreham, knew Mme. Stein to their sorrow back in 1908. She was in the height of a picturesque career here, living like a princess without ready money, when she was arrested on a warrant from Russia, extradited and there convicted, the specific offense charged being the raising of a 100-ruble check to 100,000 rubles, thereby adding \$10,000 to her income. She was at the time called the "Russian Casse Chadwick."

Swift & Company's sales of Reef in New York for the week ending Saturday, July 18, showed a total of 12,000 pairs of shoes; imported Reef, 10,000 pairs per week—total, 22,000 pairs.

**Miss Terry Coming.**  
Announcement is made by cable from the London office of The London Company that Mr. George C. Tyler has succeeded in arranging a contract with the youngest English beauty of the English stage, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry is a niece of Ellen Terry, the great English actress. Her father, Mr. Fred. Terry, is an actor-manager of long standing in London. Her mother, Julia Neilson, is also a great favorite on the London stage.

## ACTRESS DECLARES RICH SUITOR TRIED TO ASPHYXIMATE HER

Sword, Cane, Blackjack and  
Gas Figure in Mrs. Hope  
Loring's Charges.

### DENIES ALLEGATIONS.

She Declares Derby Crandall  
Jr. Was Jealous of  
Another Man.

Derby Crandall Jr., wealthy and good looking, his mother, Mrs. Marie Crandall, a handsome woman of middle age, and Mrs. Hope Loring, an actress and dancer, were the central figures in the West Side Police Court today when Crandall was charged trying to asphyxiate the actress last night. The mother and the girl sat together in court and Mrs. Loring would have withdrawn the charge had not Assistant District Attorney Coleman told her she must make good the allegation she had made.

Crandall's lawyer asked for time to consult with the young man and Magistrate Murphy adjourned the case until this afternoon. The mother and the girl left the court together.

According to Mrs. Loring, Derby was angry yesterday because she refused to accompany him to Long Beach and doubly angry when he discovered her there with another man. She declares he attacked her escort and otherwise made himself objectionable at the Trouville, and later, after she got to her apartments in the Hotel Margaret, No. 129 West Forty-seventh street, obtained entrance, upbraided her and dragged her into the bathroom where, after threatening her with a blackjack and a sword cane, he bolted the door and turned on the gas, declaring: "We'll die together."

Mrs. Loring said she pleaded with him to let her live long enough to write a note to her little girl and this touched him so that he unlocked the door. She fled and had Crandall arrested.

At Police Headquarters Crandall declared his arrest was an outrage. "I'm a gentleman and these charges are false. That sword-cane and blackjack are ornaments Mrs. Loring has. I never tried to use them and I didn't turn on the gas. The jet in the bathroom broke and there's always an odor of gas there."

Crandall is a Princeton man and a crack hurdler. His father was the floor member of the famous Stock Exchange firm of Van Schickel & Co. of Wall street. He is separated from his wife, with whom the son lives at No. 740 Riverside drive. The young man is in the cigarette manufacturing business.

**Business Bad, Tries to End His Life.**  
Henry Zifrin tried to commit suicide by turning on the gas in his room behind his butter and egg store at No. 127 East One Hundred and Fifty-eighth street to-day. The odor of gas coming from the room was detected by a neighbor and medical aid saved him. Letters found on a bureau gave business trouble as the reason for his desire to end his life. He is in a hospital under arrest for attempting suicide.

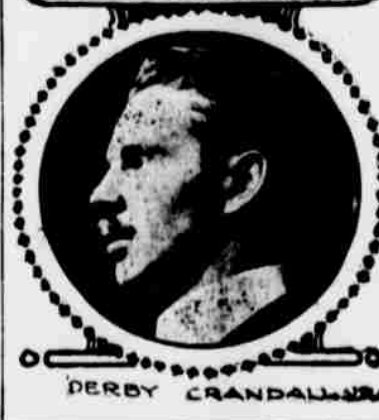
Contrary to the belief of his friends, Timothy L. Woodruff, once Lieutenant-Governor, did not die a millionaire.

It was learned yesterday that his estate will not about \$300,000. This doubtless will surprise even intimate acquaintances.

During his later life in Brooklyn, when the home on Eighth avenue was only one of five residences he maintained, Mr. Woodruff was regarded as a millionaire. Among his homes were his Adirondack camp, which Mr. Woodruff once said represented an outlay of more than \$400,000, and an apartment at Sherbro's in Manhattan. It was generally believed that the maintenance of these places cost \$150,000 a year.

The executors, Mrs. Woodruff, John E. Woodruff and Rodney A. Ward, discovered that many of his later enterprises had drawn so heavily on Mr. Woodruff's resources that it was not known for many months after his death last October whether or not the assets would greatly counter-balance the debts of the estate.

## ACTRESS AND MAN SHE SAYS THREATENED TO ASPHYXIMATE HER.



### TIM WOODRUFF LEFT ONLY ABOUT \$300,000

Debts of Supposed Millionaire  
Threaten to Eat Up Assets  
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## ODD FELLOWS SEARCH FOR OLDEST MEMBER, WHO IS MISSING AT 91

Jaquish Van Brunt Stillwell  
Left Boat at Battery and  
Didn't Reach Home.

After nearly two days' searching Edmund W. Stillwell of No. 24 Hill street, Morristown, N. J., has failed to find a clue to the mystery of the disappearance of his father, Jaquish Van Brunt Stillwell, ninety-one years old, also of Morristown. Believing for a time that the aged man, whose eyesight is poor, had fallen off a pier into the river, the son is now convinced that the elder Mr. Stillwell is wandering about the city.

The missing man is of striking appearance, scarcely showing his great age. He has heavy white hair and a white beard, parted in the middle, and dark complexion. The initials J. F. are tattooed on his left hand and on the same hand he wore a silver ring. He wore a black suit, shoes and derby and a white shirt.

Mr. Stillwell had been visiting a married daughter near Red Bank, N. J., and Saturday night took a boat for Franklin street, Manhattan, where his son was to meet him. The aged man was not among the passengers and it was learned that a man answering his description got off the boat at the Battery. Several hours after midnight, it was learned, he asked a policeman at Greenwich and Fulton streets how to get to the Franklin street pier. But on a second trip to the pier the son failed to find his father.

The missing man has not visited any of his friends or relatives in New York it was discovered and it is feared he may have lost his memory. He is one of the oldest Odd Fellows in the country and several years ago he received a diamond pin on the fiftieth anniversary of his initiation. Many Odd Fellows have been notified of his disappearance and are aiding in the search.

### Ordinary Personal Cleanliness

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Herald Square, Broadway, 34th to 35th St.

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One-half and one-quarter sizes  
These Collars, made by one of Troy's best known makers, are fresh, clean, crisp and just from the laundry.

**79c** **STANDARD \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 SHIRTS** **79c**  
These Are Soft Summer Garments and Are Offered as a Special Purchase in Conjunction with the Collar Sale

THE MATERIALS are soft mercerized Crepe weaves and fine woven Madras. One-half the quantity offered is from our regular stock. We have all sizes from 14 to 18. While the number of Shirts in this sale is very great an early selection is advised.

ALL THE SHIRTS are Coat models, with soft double cuffs attached. The patterns are light and white grounds with stripes of blue, helio, tan and black and white. Choice of 34 in. or 35 in. sleeve lengths. All garments made according to Macy specifications.

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**EX-LAX**  
Relieves Constipation  
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Keeps the Blood Pure

Ex-Lax is a delicious chocolate laxative recommended by physicians as a mild yet positive remedy for constipation in all its forms. Ex-Lax has made thousands happy. A 10c box will prove its value—at all druggists.